

THE  
LADIES'  
WEEKLY MUSEUM,  
OR  
POLITE REPOSITORY  
OF  
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

VOL. VI.

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NO. 2.

THE  
FORTUNE-HUNTER,  
(Continued.)

THE HERO'S HISTORY EXPLAINED.

Who stops at dangers or disguises,  
Where wealth and beauty are the prizes?

IN the last chapter we left the rescued knight, just going to relate his adventures to his kind deliverer.—What knight does he mean (I hear a smart critic say, looking around with an air of silly significance on the fair circle, to whom he is reading) I know of no knight!—Why, look back, good sir, to our last number, and you will find a rib roasted knight, or at least an esquire by his dress, whose heroic achievements, as they shall be faithfully recorded in this true history, will give him as just a claim to that honorable title as eating a whole haunch of venison or making an awkward bow—So, Sir! now having refreshed your memory, you may read on to the ladies.—The 'Squire then, or knight, which you please, proceeded thus, to gratify the curiosity of his benefactor.

"The favor I have received from you to-night, Sir, in rescuing me from the hands of those blood-hounds, gives you a right to be informed of the circumstan-

ces that brought me into such distress; to do which the more clearly, it will be necessary for me to give you a short account of my past life. You must know then, Sir, that I am the only son of a merchant of this city. You seem surprised that I should own so mean a descent; but do not think the worse of me for that: we cannot choose our own parents; and tho' my father was reduced by the vicissitudes of fortune to defile his hands with trade, my mother amply made it up, being descended from the O' Mae Farhy's, one of the best Milesian families in the kingdom of Ireland, and able to trace her pedigree to Noah, and shew her kindred to all the royal houses in Europe. You wonder how such a person could descend to such a marriage; but, alas! Sir, the calamities of the times make us do many things that we should otherwise disdain to think of: the loyalty of my mother's family to king James having made the conquerors strip them of all their vast possessions in their own country, my mother thought proper to come over here, to see some of her noble relations, when meeting my father accidentally, they took such a liking to each other that she accepted of his invitation to spend some time in his house, where her economy and care of his family gave him so high an opinion of her, that after some years solicitation he

prevailed upon her to marry him. To be sure such a match was rather beneath her high birth; but though he was a Jew, and trafficked in old clothes, yet he was reckoned rich, and traced his lineage to the house of David, which, though not so ancient as my mother's, was still above a modern upstart. I am the descendant of this marriage, and my father died even before I was born. His death putting my mother in possession of a good fortune, she did not remain long a widow; but in about three months after I was born married a distant relation of her's, who had been a volunteer in the French service, and called me after his own name, to wipe off the disgrace of her former marriage: and, indeed to do the captain justice, he was as fond of me as if I had really been his own son; taking the best care of my education while he lived, by sending me to the academy of Paris, and at his death settled half his fortune on me, and left me in the care of a person in whose honesty he had an entire confidence; fore-seeing that my mother would marry again, as in reality she soon did, to a German baron, for she was passionately fond of family.

"The person in whose care I was left was an honest man; but then he had a very narrow way of thinking, and the most absurd notions of the world; for he immediately brought me home from France; and though I was fourteen years old, and fit to have rode in the cavalry, insisted on my going to a paltry English school; and as soon as I had recovered the use of the English language, and gone through a proper course of learning, sent me to Oxford, to prepare me for the study of the law; as my reputed father had absolutely forbid my being bred to any kind of trade, and my guardian's prejudices of education gave him an aversion to the army. After three years spent in the university, he brought me up to London, and settled me in chambers, in the Temple, to study the law; but though he had it in his power to hinder my following my own inclina-

tions to the army, he could not make me fulfil his. The chicane study, and toilsome profession of the law, I looked upon as beneath one, whom nature had blessed with qualifications requisite for making a fortune by a shorter way, and shining in a more brilliant sphere of life. But readily as I embraced so promising a scheme, I must confess the thought was not originally my own. My mother, whose third marriage was not so prudent as her first, nor so happy as her second, was by the extravagance of her husband, reduced almost to a state of want, when my careful guardian fixed me in the Temple. Though he had positively refused to give her any assistance out of my fortune, I had too high a respect for a person of her family, much more my own mother, to let her want any relief in my power; to do which, as my guardian's allowance was barely sufficient for myself, I was obliged to have recourse to some of my father-in-law's friends, who kindly advanced me whatever money I wanted, to be repaid on proper terms when I should come of age. But as my fortune was not sufficient to support such an expense long, my mother soon started the scheme of my advancing it, and pushing myself into life, by marrying some young lady, of a large fortune."

— "Why should such a clever, hand-some young fellow as you, sit pouring over musty old books, in the prime of your days (would she often say) when you might do so much better if you would lay yourself out for marrying some great fortune? See, how your cousin O'Shanaghane married a merchant's daughter but the other day; and he was nothing like so comely and clever a man as you.— Throw by your books and take to that which has always been fortunate to your countrymen; for are you not my own child, and is not my country your's?"— Such a thought could not but be pleasing: my glass convinced me of the justness of it, and I resolved immediately to put it in practice.

Accordingly I raised a proper supply

of money from the same friends as before, and dressing myself out in the genteelst manner, frequented all public places, where I was soon taken distinguished notice of; the polish of my French education not being quite worn off by the rust of England. While I was thus putting myself, as I may say in fortune's way, my mother and her husband were not idle, but made all the enquiries they could, she among the French milliners, and school mistresses, and he among the German gentlemen of their several acquaintances, among whom they both had an extensive interest. A scheme, so well planned and supported, we concluded could not fail of speedy success; nor was it long before a proper object was pitched upon for our purpose. The mistress of a French boarding-school, to whom my mother was recommended upon the occasion, in consideration of an handsome present in hand, and a much larger one on the success of our design, gave her information of the daughter of a wealthy merchant in this neighborhood, who had been lately taken from her school; and who, as she is the only child of her father, must necessarily have all his great fortune; she informed her who were her milliner, mantua-maker, dancing, music and French masters; for though her father thought her too big to stay longer at school, he willingly let masters of every kind attend her at home: with the two first of these my mother soon settled a proper understanding, as did her husband with the rest, so that all things had the most promising appearance.

As soon as every thing was thus prepared, I made it my business to get a sight of the fair object of my designs, and to shew myself to her at church. If I was pleased to find her beautiful beyond my very hopes; neither did she seem unaffected with my dress, person, or earnest attention to her. In short, our eyes made an acquaintance, she never lifting her's, that mine did not meet them, which I did not fail to improve by a tender declaration of my passion in a letter which her milliner

undertook to deliver next morning, with such a representation of my family and fortune as should give it the proper weight; accordingly she brought me word that the young lady received it, though not without great difficulty, till her recommendation removed her scruples, when she made such an enquiry about me as shewed that I was not indifferent to her. Things went on thus for some time: I took care to put myself in her way wherever she went, as I had constant intelligence of all her motions; and every morning sent her a letter, setting forth the violence of my passion, and imploring a meeting with her, to which, tho' she did not send any written answer, which she said was in consequence of a vow she had made to her father, I constantly received such kind messages, that I thought nothing of the expense I was constantly at, in getting my letters conveyed to her, though each cost me as much as to have sent it express to Constantinople.

At length, no longer able to resist the warmth of my solicitations she consented to give me a private meeting, and appointed this night, when she said her father would be out of town. You may easily judge how welcome this news was to me. I dressed myself in my richest suit, and putting a good purse of gold in my pocket, to be prepared in case I could prevail upon her to go off with me, I attended her summons to a moment. I was no sooner admitted by a back door into the stable than her maid informed me, that it was her mistress's desire I would pull off my own clothes and put on a gown and cap of her's, which she sent me for fear of being observed by any of the servants. Though this was a great disappointment to me, as I had proposed to myself great advantages from the elegance and richness of my dress, I was obliged to obey; and stripping myself, put on the clothes in which you found me: as soon as this was done, the maid let me out into the garden, and then went to see if the coast was clear, leaving me in the dark to wait for her return; when I had waited above two

hours, till I was almost chilled to death, she came at length, scared out of her wits, and told me her master was come home, and certainly had got some intelligence of my being in the house ; for he raved and cursed like a madman, and swore he would search every corner of the house or he would find out the reason of my mistress's being up so late "At this, said she, my poor young lady fainted away, not so much upon her own account, as for fear any thing should happen to you ; for he is quite desperate when he is in a passion, and would not regard killing any one that opposed him ; so as I know her mind, under pretence of running for some water for her, I have come to let you out."—Though this was a great disappointment I was glad it was no worse and hoped another time might be more fortunate ; but as ill luck would have it, the maid in her confusion had forgot the key of the stable, so that I could not even get at my own clothes : while we stood fretting at this unlucky accident we heard her master order his man to bring a lantern that he might go and search the stable. It is impossible to describe the terror into which this threw me. My clothes I knew must be discovered at any rate ; but much as the loss of them grieved me I was more immediately concerned at the danger to which my person was exposed, especially as it was out of my power to make any resistance or defence : I therefore, in my confusion, complied with the advice of the maid, who proposed that I should step into an empty hop-sack, and so standing upright among a number of full ones that were there, take my chance to escape unnoticed. As soon as she had drawn it up over my head, she tied it close, and bidding me not stir, had scarce time to get away when her master came out, and going directly into the stable, "Hold ! (could I plainly hear him exclaim) hold ! here is the serpent's skin, and dead or alive I'll find himself, if he is above ground."—Saying this, he came into the yard and taking notice that the shed under which

the hop-sacks stood was broke, and they all covered with snow, his concern was changed for a moment, and he ordered his man to fetch some straw out of the stable to stop the hole while he beat off the snow with his cane. In the course of this work many an heavy blow fell upon my back and shoulders, as he laid on indiscriminately about him ; the pain of which at length so far got the better of my fears, that I could not help crying out. "Thieves, robbers!"—Said he directly. "Here, John, Thomas, William ! I have got the robber, bring me the blunderbuss from my bed's head, I'll kill the villain directly."—"Had not you better, Sir, (answered his man) take him out of the sack and make him peach his complices, and so they will be all hanged together."—"Hanged, no ! I'll not wait for that ! The fellow may break jail or bribe false witnesses to save him ! I'll not wait for that, I'll kill him myself in the sack ; and as I do not know who he is, there can be no malice pre-pense, and so it can't be murder."—"Why, that's true, master ; but then the shot will alarm the neighborhood : would not the kitchen poker, made red hot, do as well : nobody can find fault with your running that into your own sack."—"A good thought, go bring it to me directly, and if it is not hot enough blow up the fire ; I'll watch him here."—

All the time of this consultation I continued to cry out for mercy, as loud as I could, but not a syllable of reply was made me, only every time I attempted to struggle, I received a severe blow to keep me quiet ; but what made this situation ten times more horrible was, that I could hear the man all the while blowing the fire to heat the poker ; for the place I was packed in was just by the kitchen window : at length, out he came with it in his hand, and dipping the handle of it in water, to make it cool enough for his master to take hold of, the hissing terrified me to such a degree that I swoon'd directly away, and knew nothing that happened afterwards, till I found myself in

the watch-house, where I received such abuses from those wretches as put me in the condition you saw, and from which you so kindly delivered me."

Our unfortunate adventurer having thus finished his story, his friend advised him to go to bed, as rest must be necessary to restore his spirits after so much fatigue, promising to call upon him in the morning, and consult what was proper to be done, and so took his leave.—" So my good friend, (says the reader) have I caught you tripping again? I thought the gentleman complained that he could not get his clothes when he was going into the bag! How comes it then that we find them with him now?"—" Good Sir have patience, I referred you back before! Now I must beg you to suspend your anxiety till you come to our next, which will not only unravel this difficulty, but also open other secrets to you, equally surprising and delightful."

To be continued.

#### MORAL SENTIMENT.

WHEN a teacher of astronomy opens his school, he does not undertake, in explaining the solar system, to convince his pupils of the existence of the sun, (for that is self-evident,) nor pretend to give a new direction to its rays, (for that is not in his power,)—all he professes to do is, to explain to them his theory, on clear and convincing principles. He does not assume, that his superior knowledge has been obtained, by the sun's shining differently on him and them, or insinuate that they could not go on with the common business of life, without being able to account for its rising and setting; he knows that all the difference between him and them is, that his understanding of the subject has been opened and improved, and theirs is yet uninformed and doubtful. This allegory, if I mistake not, will apply to the uninformed parts of mankind, and those who believe it their duty to instruct them.

#### NARRATIVE OF BONAPARTE.

By WILLIAM WARDEN, surgeon on board the *Northumberland*.

(Continued.)

AT SEA, — — —

MY DEAR — ,

I shall begin this letter by introducing a very interesting person to your attention; and who, in our various quarter deck conversations, had not been hitherto mentioned. It was the empress Josephine. Her name happening to occur, she became the spontaneous subject of very animated eulogiums: when she was represented as possessing a sweetness of disposition an elegance of manners, and a certain melody of voice that irresistibly charmed every one, without any exception as to situation or capacity, who were admitted to her presence. The sudden death of this excellent lady was very generally lamented, and is attributed to a very extraordinary circumstance, and a very exalted personage. I will relate the event to you in the words, as far as memory serves, in which the count de las Cases conveyed it as an undeniable fact to me. Josephine, it seems, had so far won the admiration and high esteem of the emperor Alexander, that his imperial majesty used to dedicate many of his leisure hours to the pleasure of her fascinating conversation. His visits were not only frequent but continual during his stay at Paris. Her state of health was but indifferent, and on some particular occasion, her physician had prescribed medicines of a nature that required the utmost care and precaution, and an absolute confinement to her chamber: but, at this time, the emperor paid one of his visits, when her respect for him rendered her incautious, and she received the imperial guest in the usual manner. They walked, during the time of his stay, in the gardens of Mal-Mason: and the consequence of this promenade was fatal: she was seized with a violent inflammation in the lungs, which defied all medical assistance, and in a few days she was no more.

From the same authority I give you an account of her marriage with Napoleon, which certainly differs, as far as my recollection serves, from the credited histories of that event: it is not, however, for me to attempt a reconciliation of opposing narratives: but to relate, for your amusement, what I have heard, and the author of my information: it is as follows:—

An order which was issued by the convention to disarm the citizens, occasioned the introduction of Bonaparte, then a general, and high in military command, to Josephine. Her husband was said to have suffered eight

teen months before the circumstance about to be mentioned. He had left a son, Eugene Beauharnois, at this time a most interesting youth, who took an opportunity to address the general on the parade, and solicit his father's sword; which, according to the late order, had been removed from his mother's residence. Buonaparte, charmed by the request, and the animated modesty with which it was made, instantly granted it. The mother wrote a letter the following day to thank the general for his kindness to her son. This grateful attention produced a visit on his part, and the lady not being at home, she sent a note of apology and particular invitation. An interview of course followed: He was instantly captivated, and in six weeks they were married. It has been generally thought, I believe, that the second marriage did not obliterate his regard for her: and it is here asserted, by those who were qualified to form a correct opinion of the matter, that he would have given more evident proofs of his regard, if the jealousy of the second empress had not interposed to prevent them.

Having induced you, perhaps, to suppose that Napoleon was susceptible of love, I shall introduce madame Bertrand to persuade you, that he is not without a capacity for friendship. She related, in a very impressive manner to us, the last interview with Duroc, duke of Friuli, and his afflicted sovereign.

That officer, who, as it will appear, stood high in his master's regard and confidence, was struck by a cannon-ball, as he was reconnoitring the position for a night encampment of the army, and his bowels fell to the ground; when he had the extraordinary resolution to collect and replace them with his own hands, on the spot. In this hopeless state he was removed to a neighbouring cottage, where he survived twenty-four hours. A mortification soon took place, and a very offensive smell began to issue from his body, which continued to increase. After he had been some time in this state, the emperor came to visit and console him. The dying man, after expressing his acknowledgments to his master for this gracious act of kindness, which he accompanied with sentiments of the utmost loyalty and devotion, recommended his wife & daughter to the imperial protection; and then entreated him to depart, lest the effluvia proceeding from him might be attended with infection. She represented Napoleon's grief as perfectly romantic, and stated as a fact, that he lay, for it is not to be supposed that he slept, a whole night on the stone which covered the grave of his friend.

She also mentioned that he possessed an equal attachment to Lasnes, duke of Montebello, who was killed at the battle of Esling,

when a similar scene of affliction and regard took place. That brave officer had been obliged to submit to the amputation of one leg just below the knee, and the other just above the ankle. Buonaparte and Bertrand visited him in this unhappy condition, on the left bank of the Danube. Bertrand was endeavouring to console him by comparing his situation to that of the brave Caffarelli, when he, with a certain eagerness of expression, thus interrupted him: "The attachment of Caffarelli to the emperor was cold, when compared with the affection which I feel."

It was on a Sunday, at the admiral's table, that Buonaparte catechised the chaplain of the Northumberland in the following curious and unexpected manner: though the learned divine is well qualified to have answered a far more profound inquiry respecting the faith which he teaches, and the things that belong to it.

How many sacraments does the church of England acknowledge?

Two—Baptism and the Lord's supper.

Does not the church of England consider marriage as a sacrament?

No.

What are the tenets of the church of England?

The tenets of the church of England are Lutheran, or episcopal protestant.

How often is the sacrament of the Lord's supper administered?

In the churches of the metropolis, and other cities and large towns, the eucharist is observed monthly: but in the country churches, where the population is not so large, quarterly. The festival of the nativity of our Saviour, or Christmas-day: of the resurrection, or Easter Sunday: the descent of the Holy Ghost, or Whitsunday: and the feast of St. Michael, are the quarterly observations of the eucharist.

Do all the communicants drink out of the same cup?—They do.

Is the bread made use of in the sacrament common bread?

The bread is of wheat, and the best that can be conveniently procured.

Supposing that wine could not be procured in the administration of the sacrament, would any other liquid be allowed as its substitute?

It is not at all probable that a case of this kind ever occurred: wine being to be procured in every part of the kingdom.

Do the bishops frequently preach?

Seldom but on extraordinary occasions.

Do they wear the mitre?

I believe I may venture to say—never. Though I cannot affirm whether the archbishops do or do not wear the mitre, when they crown the king.

Have not the bishops a seat in the house of peers?

They have.

How long is it requisite for persons who are candidates for holy orders at the university, to have resided there?

Four years:—but previous to their becoming members of the university, they are generally seven or eight years at a classical school.

Of how long standing must a person be in the university, before the degree of a doctor of divinity?

Nineteen years from the time of his matriculation.

Which are the most approved places of education for the candidates for holy orders?

The universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

Are there many puritans (meaning presbyterians) in England?

There are a great many.

What are the religious tenets of the church of Scotland?

The tenets of that church are calvinistic. They do not allow episcopacy or the government by bishops. They are presbyterians, because they hold the government of priests, and presbyters or elders.

To whose custody are the registers of baptisms, marriages, and deaths committed?

They are generally entrusted to the care of the minister; but it is a more regular proceeding to keep them in a strong chest which remains in the vestry-room of the parish church. This chest is guarded by three locks of different construction; so that it cannot, or at least ought not, to be opened, without the concurrence of three persons—the minister, and the two church wardens; who, each of them, possess their official and separate key.—The idea of keys and locking up, might not excite sensations altogether pleasing to the extraordinary captive, for here he closed his inquiries.

It may be said that every thing is possible; if it should please God; as was observed according to the story, by a Dutch burgo-master, when a man was brought before him who was accused of having bit off his own nose. But at all events, it may be considered as a very striking article of the chapter of improbabilities, in any preceding part of Buonaparte's life, that he should ever be found catechizing the chaplain on board an English man of war bound for St. Helena, respecting the forms, ceremonies, tenets, &c. of the Anglican church.

—The ceremony of crossing the line, a day of jubilee to the voyagers of every maritime nation, is so well known, that it would be superfluous to give a minute description of it; though more than usual ceremony was displayed on the present occasion: and it must be acknowledged that the French party sub-

mitted with the best grace, that is to say, with the most perfect good humour, to the novel freedoms of the marine Saturnalia:—Nor had the Neptune and Amphitrite of the day any cause of complaint. They were seated in a boat filled with water, the throne a match-tub, and the spectre a painter's brush. They were surrounded by their Tritons, consisting of fifty or sixty of the most athletic men in the ship, naked to the waist, and be-daubed with various colours, each bearing a pail of salt water, to drench, more or less, the subjects of the briny god. The license of the pastime may be imagined, when captain Ross, who commanded the ship, received the contents of one of them with perfect pleasantry.

—Bertrand, Montholon, Gourgond, and De las Cases with all the domestics, presented themselves to the temporary, but potent Neptune, and received, with the necessary cheerfulness, their share of his ablutions. The two former led their children forward, each of them presenting, from their extended little hands, a double Napoleon as their offering to the presiding deity of the deep. A sea boy sung the song of "The snug little island," some of whose lines were not very complimentary to the enemies of Great Britain, but not an unpleasant look was produced by them. The ladies viewed the scene from an elevated position, and appeared to be equally amused and astonished at the festivities of it. Neptune was rather disappointed that Napoleon did not make his appearance, though he acknowledged the sovereign dignity by sending his tribute.—In short, harmony prevailed to the close of this festive medley.

—You, my dear friend, who have afforded a vigilant attention to every part of Napoleon's extraordinary career, and to satisfy whose prevailing curiosity concerning him, I have become a writer of biography, such as it may prove; you, I say, may remember, though it does not occur to me, that a rumour prevailed after the treaty of Tilsit, of a projected marriage between the emperor of France and a Russian princess.—This circumstance seems to be acknowledged here; and it is said, moreover, that the failure of this negociation arose from the bigotry of the lady's royal mother, who insisted on the establishment of a Greek church in the palace of the Tuilleries.—I merely state it as a little article of our political chit chat, for your political amusement.

(To be continued.)

Prompt and lavish commendation of persons and things, is an evidence of a superficial judgment.

## THE MAIDEN AND THE ROSE.

A Pastoral Tale.

IT was during the month when roses deck the bowers, and win many a kiss for rural lovers, that I strayed, in a pensive reverie, along the borders of a limpid rivulet. I reached a spot where four weeping willows waved their flexible boughs over the gliding stream and the spreading turf that clothed the shore. A blooming rose-tree grew beneath their shade ; its flowers were gently balanced by the foaming breeze. "I will gather one of these roses," I exclaimed ; "I will select the finest for my Annette. In adorning her bosom, it will awaken pleasing emotions in her heart, and to present her with this small pledge of my faithful love, will be a new source of delight to my soul."

Already my hand touched the flower destined for my Annette, when I perceived some characters, half hidden by the moss on a stone at my feet. Without gathering the flower, I stooped to read the inscription ; it was on a tomb—the tomb of a young shepherdess.

Like the rose, she bloomed the short space of one day, then drooped her head, and died.

Time had covered the characters with moss ; with my hand I pushed it aside, and read the following words :

"The maid whose dust these stones inclose,  
Soon shared her lover's doom ;  
Death snatch'd them both, and for a rose  
They sleep within this tomb."

I remained for some time reflecting on the epitaph, and endeavoring to divine the history of these two lovers, when a young maiden from a neighboring hamlet approached to draw water from the stream on whose brink I stood. She guessed my thoughts, and anticipated my request. "You are, then, acquainted with their misfortunes," said I.—"Yes," she replied ; "my grandmother has told me their melancholy story.—Many years have

passed since they lived ; love like their's no longer exists in our days.—Alas ! no, it does not," she rejoined, and I thought by her accents she felt but too much the truth of her assertion.

"Will you, my fair maid," said I, "put down your pitcher, and come under the shade of these weeping willows, beside this rose-tree, and for a few moments rest yourself on this moss-covered stone, and relate to me the history of these lovers who were so tenderly attached."—She willingly assented and seated herself beside me ; leaning on her hand, she bent towards the rose-tree, and looking sorrowfully at the inscription on the stone, one would have imagined she had known those of whom she was going to speak, and that their remembrance caused emotions which almost prevented her relating their history ; but soon recovering herself, she began as follows :

"She who has reposed here for a hundred years was called Helen ; she was the handsomest and the wisest shepherdess of the hamlet ; she had never loved any but Charles. Charles' affections were all centered in Helen. Born at the same time, at the same place, they grew beside each other, and were united by love like two branches of a vine, which meet, entwine, and together live and die. Such true lovers had never been before seen, and notwithstanding so prudent : all Charles asked was a chaste kiss, and Helen never regretted the kiss she had given

—Here the ingenuous relater paused and blushed.—"I understand you, my fair maid," said I : "you act like your prudent grandmother."—The amiable girl blushed still deeper, cast her eyes on the grass her hand had been listlessly gathering, and then continued her relation.

"Who would have thought that jealousy could have entered into two hearts so closely united ? Ah ! there is much truth in the saying, that happiness lasts but for a moment, and that it is in the finest day that storms surround us, and the thunder-bolt deals

death. Helen thought Charles was faithless; this gave the mortal blow to her peace, but she would not reproach her guilty lover with his crime. 'I will not change like him,' she exclaimed, 'but I will no longer love.'—Then she assumed an air of indifference; it was only assumed, for her heart was torn with grief.

"Charles, however, who had no suspicion of his misfortune, came on the morn of a festival, with his usual frankness, to salute his beloved mistress. Alas! love had flown; no tender smile greeted his approach, no friendly appellation. O poor Charles, what were your feelings at that moment!"—Here the young girl turned her head away to wipe off some tears which had escaped from her eyes.

"Never did this faithful lover meet Helen without leaving her some remembrance of his affection: that day he had brought her the finest rose of his garden, still impearled with the morning dew. 'My dear Helen, my sweet friend,' said he, 'here is the finest rose of my garden.'—'You must keep it Charles,' she coldly answered; 'Helen will never again receive any flowers gathered by your hand.'

"The unhappy lover remained speechless; he perceived he had lost Helen's heart, he had lost her forever. 'Helen,' said he, 'you will no longer, then, receive my flowers; however, I will leave you this rose, you will pick it up—and perhaps you may let a tear fall on it when I am no longer here to offer you another.' In saying these words he laid the rose on the ground before the cruel Helen, and departed.

"On his way he met a regiment of soldiers who were cheerfully departing for the wars. Charles addressed the commander—'Captain,' said he, 'I will become a soldier; give me arms and place me in your ranks.'—'Brave young man,' answered the Captain, 'here are arms, come with us and march to glory.'

"As soon as Helen saw her lover depart, her heart failed her; for a long time she gazed at the beautiful rose

which Charles had placed at her feet; at last she stooped and took it up: in inhaling its perfume she bathed it with her tears. O unhappy Charles! if thou couldst have seen this tear shining on thy rose, like a fine dew drop! But he was far off; he never knew that Helen still loved him. Soon the proud shepherdess reproached herself for her assumed indifference, and no longer restrained the tears that weighed heavy on her heart. Her rose was wetted with them. She looked at it more than once; that rose which had been given her by Charles. She now raised the flower she had disdained to her lips, and afterwards hid it carefully in her bosom. No one would have guessed it was there; but it rested next her heart, and that was enough. 'O my beloved Charles!' she mentally exclaimed, 'forget my cruelty. To-morrow no more sadness—to-morrow I will give you as much happiness as to-day I have caused vexation.'

"To-morrow! Ah, poor Helen, why put off till to-morrow the happiness you might have bestowed to-day? To-morrow you promise yourself much pleasure, but to-morrow will prove a day of tears.

"The next day, almost as soon as the dawn of morning, Helen went to meet her lover; her heart was gently agitated at the thoughts of seeing him again. Instead of Charles, some young maidens approached her. 'Helen,' said they, 'do you know that Charles has quitted the hamlet? We saw him yesterday, adorned with a cockade, marching in the ranks with the soldiers who are going to battle.'

"Charles! Charles gone!" cried Helen. Struck with this terrible blow, she fainted and fell; they ran to her assistance, but it was a considerable time before she returned to life, and the first words she uttered were to ask for Charles. No one answered her inquiries, and poor Helen wept bitterly, then drew the rose from her bosom where it had remained. 'Here it is,' she said; 'this flower will be the cause of all our misfortunes. Ah, Charles,

why were you not informed that after your departure I placed it next my heart ? O my friends ! never refuse the gifts of innocence which your lovers may offer you.'

" From that day, the heart-broken Helen withered with grief, like the rose which she always carried in her bosom. She asked of every one news of Charles : if he would soon return ? and no one could answer her enquiries. At last news arrived, but it was fatal ! Charles had been killed in battle. Before he expired, he said to his best friend and brother in arms, ' If you go to the hamlet where I was born, there you will see the insensible Helen ; tell her that Charles will offer her no more roses from his garden. Charles is dead ! and he loved her. I loved her my friend,' added he, almost expiring ; ' do not forget to tell her I loved her.'

" After these words, life fled, and Helen had no longer a lover. Weep, weep, cruel maid, and endeavour to give life to the rose which died in your bosom, it is all that remains of Charles.

" But no, Helen wept not ; she looked up to Heaven, pressed the dried rose to her heart, died, and ceased to suffer. They doubly are united in the abode where God places the just, when they leave their earthly cares. Helen is at present happy, happy to all eternity, with her faithful and tender lover.

" Those who have survived her, have here deposited her earthly remains ; here, beside this stream, is the spot which was once the garden of Charles. It is said that this rose-tree, whose aged root is covered with moss, is that from which Charles had gathered the fatal flower that Helen would not receive. It was placed with her in the tomb, and they both mouldered together ; but each spring the rose-tree produces fresh ones, which shed their leaves to embalm the tomb of Helen.

" If you have loved," added the young maiden, " if you still love, gather one of these roses ; but for your happiness only present it to your love when you are assured she will accept

it, and that she will repay you with a smile."

Such was the narrative of this young maiden ; she looked once more at the rose-tree, sighed, arose, took up her pitcher, bade me adieu, and disappeared.

Like her, I again looked at the rose-tree, again read the epitaph ; with a religious respect I extended my hand over the rose I had already wished to gather, well convinced that my beloved would receive it with pleasure, and in my presence place it in her bosom.

#### TABLET OF MEMORY.

(Continued.)

[Last week, under the head of *Blood*, we inadvertently copied an error—Its circulation was discovered by HARVEY, and not by Henry, as stated.]

It may be as well in this place to mention the country from which many vegetable productions were originally obtained.—Rice, from Ethiopia ; Buck-Wheat, Asia ; Cresses, Crete ; Cauliflower, Cyprus ; Asparagus, Asia ; Fennel, Canary Islands ; Parsley, Egypt ; Garlic, the East ; Shallots, Siberia ; Horse Radish, China ; Gourds, Astrachan ; Potatoes, Brazil ; Cabbage, Lettuce, &c. Holland ; Tulip, Cappadocia ; Carnation and Pink, Italy ; Lilly, Syria ; Tube Rose, Java ; Apples, Syria ;—Pheasants, Egypt ; Turkies, America.

*Gazettes*, first published at Paris 1663 ; in England at Oxford 1685 ; London, a few months after. The first gazette was published by a gossiping physician to amuse his patients ; before which he used to tell them verbally all the morning news and scandal he could hear of.

<i>Gilding on wood</i>	1660
<i>Glass</i> first used in private houses in England	1180
Bottles first made in Eng.	1557
Looking glasses in E. Lambeth	1675
<i>Gunpowder</i> invented by Swaartz, a Monk in Germany	1830
<i>Hackney coaches</i> first used (20 in number) in London	1625

<i>Hair powder</i> first used by ballad singers to make themselves look hideous	1590
<i>Hemp and flax</i> first planted in Eng. (Before that time they wore woolen shirts)	1583
<i>Hops</i> , when first introduced, parliament was petitioned against it as a wicked weed	1428

(*To be continued*)

## VARIETY.

## DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

A German Almanack recently published, contains some details concerning the dog named Barry, one of the predecessors of those who lately perished amidst the snow of the great St. Bernard. This intelligent animal served the hospital of that mountain for the space of twelve years, during which time he saved the lives of forty individuals. His zeal was indefatigable. Whenever the mountain was enveloped in fogs and snow, he set out in search of lost travellers. He was accustomed to run barking till he lost his breath, and would frequently venture on the most perilous places. When he found his strength was insufficient to draw from the snow a traveller benumbed with cold, he would run back to the hospital in search of the monks. One day this interesting animal found a child in a frozen state, between the bridge of Drouaz and the Ice-house of Balsora; he immediately began to lick him, and having succeeded in restoring animation by means of his caresses, he induced the child to tie himself round his body—in this way he carried the poor little creature, as if in triumph to the hospital. When old age deprived him of strength, the prior of the convent pensioned him at Berne, by way of reward—he is now dead and his body is stuffed and deposited in the Museum of that town—the little phial in which he carried a reviving liquor for the distressed traveller, whom he found among the mountains is still suspended from his neck.

## MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

"You bromish," says old Squire Cabel to the bridegroom, whoever that happy man may be, "you bromish to have this woman, for your wife" yes. "Unt you madam bromish for do haptis man for your husband," Yes. "Vell I pronounce you to be one flesh and one beef. Und now I pooblish the bawns of dis matrimony, before Got, mine vife, Dolly, Harry und the rest of de childers. Und, ash the skripture says, Vat Got poote togedder, let no man poote asoonder. Und now (giving the bridegroom a poke in the ribs) *where is mine tollar.*

A quartermaster in a regiment of light-horse, in a neighboring county, who was about six feet high, and very corpulent, was joking with an Irishman concerning the natural proneness of his countrymen to make bulls in conversation. By my shoul, said the Irishman, Ireland never made such a bull in her life as England did when she made a light-horse-man of you.

## MORAL.

A poor Arabian of the desert was one day asked how he came to be assured that there was a God? "In the same way (replied he) that I am able to tell by the print impressed on the sand, whether it was a man or a beast that passed that way." This simple argument may serve instead of a volume. God has touched all his works with the hand of infinitude, and tinged every thing with the glory of his perfections.

When a man is under the necessity of changing his residence, he naturally considers whether it is likely to be to his advantage or not; and, if he expects it will be for the better, looks pleasantly forward, and calmly prepares for the removal—but, if he have reason to suppose it will be for the worse, we may easily conceive how cheerless must be his prospect, and how greatly doubt and discouragement must lessen even his present comfort.

## Seat of the Muses.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

### LINES

ADDRESSED TO MISS S. V Z—.

Now since my Harp is all unstrung,  
And I, poor minstrel, lost to song,  
I'll wander 'mid romantic bowers,  
And weave of light fantastic flowers;  
A wreath, to deck fair fancy's form,  
And thus Apollo's shafts disarm;  
I'll lead her to the realms of Prose,  
Where if she find one lonely rose,  
One remnant of her former reign,  
I'll seize the bold, unmeasur'd strain,  
And leaving themes of song behind,  
With prose delight my barren mind:  
For barren it is now confess,  
Since I no longer with thee rest,  
Can join with lov'd Apollo's train,  
Or bend before the muses fane:  
But be it so, my faded rose,  
I'll mingle in the wreath's of prose,  
And could my wild romantic quill,  
Trace out some gently sloping hill,  
Or deep morass, or haunted grove,  
Or hapless tale of blighted love,  
Such as might claim the lover's sigh,  
Or draw the tear from maiden's eye,  
I'd gladly seize the new-born fire,  
Nor more regret my faithless lyre:  
But all unskill'd in Fancy's lore,  
Should I her boundless realms explore,  
Entangled in the snare, I made,  
The aspiring minstrel sinks in shade.  
Then farewell such romantic flights,  
And oh, adieu, Parnassian heights;  
I'll let my harp as wont, to dwell,  
Hang unmolested, wrapt in spell,  
And should the insidious spider dare,  
Attempt to weave her cobwebs there,  
The reptile that shall gain such height,  
I'll crush him in his pride of might.  
For sacred is the minstrel's fire,  
And dear to him his simple lyre,  
For tho' he strikes discordant strains,  
Still he has felt "poetic pains."  
And my small gift, I'll hold so dear,  
The Muses shall at length give ear,  
And once more teach its strings to know,  
The varied sounds of joy and woe.

And then I'll sing a song to thee,  
(A song, tho' wanting melody)  
As blythe as captive long immur'd,  
To life and liberty restor'd.

ELLA.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

### THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR.

As I wander'd one eve by the quick flowing tide,  
And the moon's pallid lustre shone sweetly around;  
When the round swelling waves with their silver tops glide,  
And the Orient breezes skim'd gently the ground.

Thus pensive I wander'd, nor wander'd I far,  
When the shrieks of a victim I heard from the shore:  
'Twas the voice of distress, and the voice of a tar,

Who left to despair had sunk on the moor.

I trembling approach'd the heart broken stranger,  
While the shadow of death seem'd to hang on his brow,  
Shudd'ring I step'd to relieve him from danger,  
And drive from his heart his sad prospect of woe.

Then gently I rais'd him, with anguish he sigh'd,  
And wip'd from his eye the tear that oppress'd,  
When in half broken accents, for DELIA he cried:  
'Twas my EDWIN—'twas him that I clasp'd to my breast.

With my eyes turned to heaven, relieve him I cried,  
From the anguish that clings to his breast;  
His eyes cast to heaven, he then deeply sighed—  
And mutter'd—Ah DELIA! on thee do I rest?

Just Heaven! then I cried, O do not deprive  
My EDWIN of life, who groans on the shore,  
But ah! the last breath I fear doth arrive,  
I sighed, while I sunk on the moor.

I rose from the sod with sad anguish oppress'd,  
And heard the last sorrowful knell,  
'Twas the last sigh that escap'd from his breast,  
And with eyes clos'd to Heav'n, he cried,  
**DELIA Farewell !**

WILHELMINA.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

**THE CROMA OF OSSIAN.**  
VERSIFIED.

O ! Happy he who falls in youth !  
For long his much lamented grave,  
The pearly tear of virgin truth  
And friendship's streaming grief shall lave.  
  
The song for him the Bard shall raise,  
And future years his fame shall know ;  
The Hero's bosom, at his praise,  
Shall swelling, for the conflict glow.

But hapless he in age who dies !—  
Like winter's snow he melts away—  
For him no virgin's bosom sighs ;  
No tears of friendship steep his clay.

Even while he lives, his name's forgot,  
His grave's scarce closed, before unknown,  
No wandering warrior marks the spot,  
No friends impose the sculptur'd stone.

CHARLES.

—♦—

**STANZAS TO THE SKY-LARK.**

Thou herald of approaching Spring !  
Thy voice is rapture to my ear ;  
May freedom ever plume thy wing,  
For thee may plenty crown the year !

Ah, bleak and barren is the field,  
Undeck'd with aught of Summer's dye ;  
The leafless shrubs no shelter yield  
To screen thee from the stormy sky ;

But soon thou'l meet that joyous morn,  
When crystal dew-drops deck the plain ;  
When frag'rance breathes from brake and  
thorn,  
Sweet as thy wild-notes native strain.

And, haply, as I seek the shade,  
In fervid Summer's noon-tide hour,  
Thy sweet song, warbling from the glade,  
May lull my cares in Fancy's bower.

Thou dipp'st thy wings in early dew,  
Fresh from the flow'ry bosom'd May,  
And waft'st them through the welkin blue,  
With joy to hail approaching day,

The song that strains thy little throat  
Is fraught with blest oblivion's charms ;  
The wintry tempest is forgot,—  
No future ill thy breast alarms.

Forgetful thou what griefs molest,  
What ruthless foes may work thee wrong,  
How truant boys may rob thy nest,  
Or murd'lers mar thy matin song.

O were my breast as void of care !  
As gaily would I hail the morn ;  
As joyous all the present share,  
Could I, like thee, the future scorn.

But, ah ! my Spring of life is past ;  
Few flow'rs in Summer's lap appear ;  
And sickly Autumn hastens fast,  
Bleak harbinger of Winter drear.

Hope's fairy form that glides before,  
Full oft eludes my bounded view ;  
She dwells on some enchanted shore,  
That faster flies as I pursue.

**ODE TO MAY:**

BORN in yon blaze of Orient sky,  
Sweet **MAY** ! thy radiant form unfold ;  
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,  
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,  
For thee descends the sunny shower ;  
The rills in softer murmurs flow,  
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light Graces, dress'd in flowery wreathes,  
And tip-toe Joys their hands combine ;  
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,  
And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life the glittering throngs  
On quivering fin, and rustling wing  
Delighted join their votive songs,  
And hail thee Goddess of the Spring.

**EPIGRAM on a beautiful Lady, who often made use of the word "DEVIL."**

See round her form the ready Devil flies,  
Hangs on her lips & basks beneath her eyes,  
Proud, that to him so good a place is given,  
He half forgets he ever fell from Heaven."

## SONNET TO HOPE.

Go, gentle Hope! thou friend to faithful  
love,  
And hasten on the lazy-footed hours;  
To fond expectant lovers constant prove,  
And strew their path with ever blooming  
flowers.

From thy illumin'd mansion in the sky  
Thou com'st to cheer the traveller's lonely  
way;  
Thou wip'st the pearly drops from sorrow's  
eye,  
And paint'st the joys of Fortune's happier  
day.

Go, when the ocean's stormy billows roar,  
And soothe the sailor while he stems the  
waves,  
And waft him safely to his native shore,  
And give him all the happiness he craves.

Angel of light! To me thy smile be given,  
And show my cares a sweet repose in  
Heaven.

NEW-YORK,  
SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1817.

## Intelligence.



The late winter throughout Europe, is said to have been a continued spring, and has in many respects lessened the distress of the deficiency of the last crop. A letter from Scotland says 200,000 quarters (3 bushels to the quarter) of wheat, and 1,000,000 quarters of rye, have during the winter been contracted for in Russia.

Last week we announced the march of an army from Buenos Ayres across the Andes, to revolutionize the province of Chili in South America, which is now confirmed by accounts from Buenos Ayres of March 5. It appears that a severe battle had been fought, in which 1000 of the royal Spanish troops were slain, and 500 taken prisoners; it is further stated the royal Governor of Chili, with his suit, have been taken at Valparaiso, on the point of embarking, with two millions of dollars! and that the Patriots have possession of every port on the coast of Chili!

Accounts from Brazil, state, in addition to what we published last week from the same quarter, that Paraiba and North Rio Grande, have declared in favor of the Patriotic flag; and that St. Salvador and Rio Janeiro would soon follow the same example.

The British have taken possession of the small island of Tristan D'Acunha, possessed a few years ago by our countryman, Captain Lambert, formerly of Salem, Mass. who was unfortunately drowned. They have placed a detachment of men upon it, similar to the military establishment at the island of Ascension; with a view to the security of Bonaparte at St. Helena.

*Parisian Fashions.*—Nearly all the hats lately exhibited in the purlieus of the Tuilleries are of crape; some are green, with a puffing in the front; while others are of citron color, but ornamented with lilies and yellow wall-flowers. The large Napolitan hats are of blended ute and lilac, or entirely the latter color, with much white embroidery, and a few grapes and lilies intermingled about three of each imitation. Some young fashionables sport scarlet underwaistcoats, with a black upper; but white upper waistcoats, with a scarlet under one, are most frequently exhibited.

*Watertown, N. Y. March 31.*—Three persons have been lately arrested in Lewis County for the murder of a Mr. Waggoner. This murder was committed in the summer of 1815, in the town of Denmark. One of the persons apprehended for this horrid crime, is Waggoner's son. His accomplices are his wife, and a man by the name of Buck, who has confessed his guilt, and shocking to relate, that young Waggoner's wife was the instigator. Her resentment to her father-in-law arose from his having detected her and Buck in criminal intercourse.

*Trenton, N. J. April 28.* The week before last, a man with a light waggon and pair of horses, in attempting to pass through a tract of pine wood on fire, near New Egypt, Monmouth county,

was suddenly so involved, through a change of the wind, by the surrounding flames, as to be unable to extricate himself, until he was so badly burnt as to render his life despaired of. One of the horses was burnt to death, and the waggon destroyed by the fire.

By a law of this state, proprietors of Stages are subjected to heavy penalties if they employ, or continue in their employment, drivers addicted to intemperance. Running or racing of stages or teams is prohibited, and the fair of passengers is restricted to *seven cents* per mile.

#### DOMESTIC.

The prevalence of colds at this time of the year, and especially the present season, induces me to offer to the public, through the medium of your useful paper, the following observations upon that common but too much neglected form of disease. The symptoms of a cold are universally proven to be chilliness, pain in the head and back, oppression of the breast, sore throat, cough, &c. It is recommended by Dr. Robert Houston, of Chichester, on the first appearance of these symptoms, to bathe the feet in warm water for fifteen minutes, wipe them dry, draw on the stockings, and immediately go to bed, and drink free of strong snake root tea. The result of this operation is a pretty free sweat, which seldom fails to carry off the disease. Since I was informed of this plan by the Doctor, (about 12 months,) I have tried it several times myself, and recommended it to many others, with the most complete success. When we consider the violent consequences which often follow colds, together with the simplicity of the plan proposed, it is hoped these observations will have their proper effect. In a late conversation with that ingenious and successful practitioner above mentioned, he informed me, that in the lingering or forming stage of Typhus Fever, he had recommended the above plan to some hundred patients without a single exception to its success. I, myself, can bear witness to the truth of it in several cases.—*Delaware Gazette.*

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#### NUPTIAL.

#### MARRIED,

By the right rev. Bishop Hobart, Lieut. Col. Croghan, to Miss Serena Livingston, daughter of John R Livingston, esq.

By the same, Mr. Daniel Rogers, merchant, to Miss Maria S Brewerton daughter of the late Henry Brewerton, esq.

By the rev. Dr. M'Leod, Mr. Moses Spears, to Miss Jane Radcliff, daughter of Mr. Samuel Radcliff

By the rev. Mr. How, Mr. Hector Kennedy, to Mrs. Henrietta T. Clarke.

By the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Thomas A. Ibbetson, to Miss Agnes B. Sickels.

#### OBITUARY.

The city Inspector reports the death of 95 persons in this city, from the 19th April to the 3d inst.

#### DIED,

Suddenly, Mr. William Bennett, aged 48.  
Miss Eliza Toole, aged 15.

Mr Richard Colles, aged 52.

Miss Ann Barbara Shrady, daughter of Mr. John Shrady, aged 23.

Mr. John S. Henry, aged 74.

Mrs. Margaret Leweling.

Mrs Eleanor M'Dowell, wife of Mr. Benjamin M'Dowell.

At Brunswick, L. I. Mrs. Margaret Wortman, consort of Tunis Wortman, esq. and eldest daughter of the late Samuel Loudon, of this city.

At Philadelphia, Mrs. Catharine Rush, aged 110 years and 11 months.

At Newtown L. I. Mr. Jacob Bennett, aged 100.

On his passage from Liverpool, Mr. Joseph Ogden, aged 44.

Michael Kaler, aged 17; being in a boat alone, and subject to fits, he fell into the water and was drowned.

Jones Green, found drowned at Spring-street wharf.

We are indebted to a valuable correspondent for the following, as well as other communications that have lately appeared in the Museum. His generous offer of occasionally furnishing observations on some of our Theatrical performances, is gladly accepted, not doubting but they will add to our general stock of amusing and interesting articles.

### THEATRICAL.

Tuesday, April 29, 1817.

*The Broken Sword.*—Last evening was presented, for the first time in New-York, a new Melo Drama, called the *Broken Sword*, to a respectable house, who received it with the warmest applause. The limits of your paper will not allow me to give but a cursory outline of the plot: it is laid among the Pyrenees, and is so conducted as to display the immediate hand of Providence in the detection and punishment of a murderer, and at the same time to exhibit, in strong colors, the depravity of human nature in the character of Rigolio, who first murders his friend Luneda, in order to possess himself of his wealth; and then to screen himself, accuses Luneda's valet, Estevan, and finally attempts the life of Myrtillo the son of his friend, whom he meets on a bridge over a precipice: in the struggle his *sword is broken*, (by which he is discovered, and from which the piece takes its name) and he plunges the boy into the torrent below, who is saved by the exertions of Estevan, who flies to his rescue: Estevan it appears had escaped from the gallies where he had been confined six years for the supposed murder of his master, and had already seen Myrtillo who attests his innocence. Myrtillo, on the murder of his father, had been struck dumb by grief, but on sight of Rigolio he again recovers the use of his speech, and cries out, *it is my father's Murderer!* and the curtain falls.

Mr. Hilsom, in Zavier, was as usual very good. Estevan, by Mr. Simpson, was extremely well supported; especially in the meeting between him and Myrtillo. Mr. Pritchard in Rigolio was better than we have ever seen him in

any other character—he is becoming a great favorite with the ladies. Mr. Barnes is always justly admired, in his Bye Play especially. Mrs. Barnes is ever the admiration of every one; she excelled particularly in Myrtillo. Mrs. Darley and Miss Dellingher were better than usual.

*Saturday, May 5.*—On Wednesday and Friday was repeated the *Broken Sword*, and it is announced for Monday: on Friday it was accompanied by *Fred-eric the Great*, which has nothing to recommend it but the performers, who did it more justice than the piece deserved.

MASTRIX.

### CURIOS ANECDOTE.

Extract of a letter from Benares' (East Indies) May 6, 1816.

"Since you tell me that you wish to hear about native customs and manners, I must mention a fellow who has lately been hung at Calcutta, and suffered for an offence which I think never was heard of in Europe:—He was an admirable swimmer and diver, and used to frequent the GHAU'S and places where the women came to bathe in the river. He would make his way along under the surface of the water, till he got close among them, and then, seizing one of them by the legs, would drag her under the water, and drown her for the sake of her ornaments; for the women of this country always bathe in their valuable gems and pearls. Meanwhile the newspapers teemed with horrible accounts of alligators carrying away bathers;—and these monsters of the flood were talked of and feared by every one, and seen by no one. At last, one day, a girl disengaged herself from his grasp, rose to the top of the water, and screamed out that it was no beast, but a man! He was then caught, and confessed that he had carried on the trade for seven years. Of the number of his victims, he had kept no reckoning."

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